

POEMS.

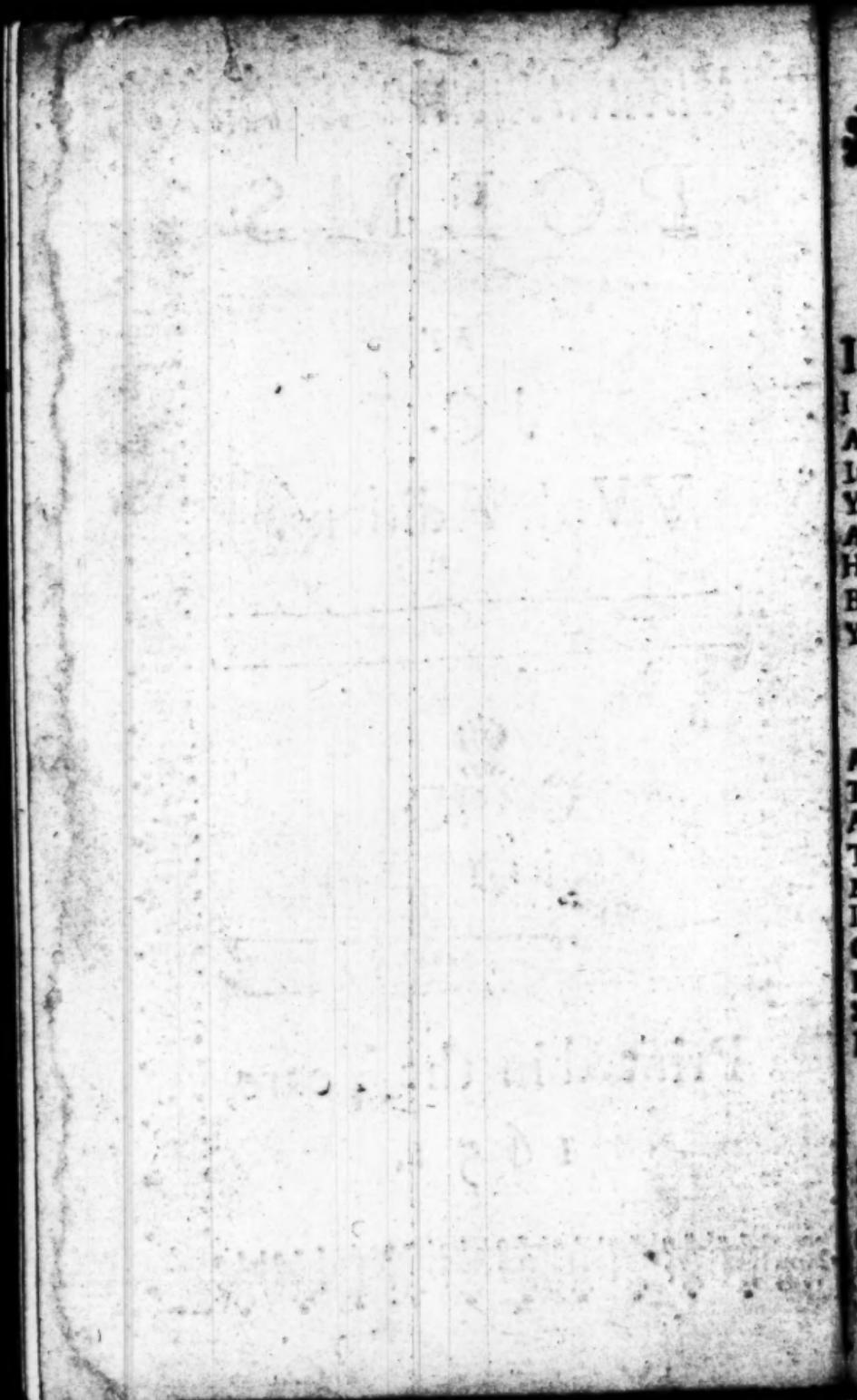
BY

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WITH Additions.



Printed in the Yeare,
1651.



TO THE

STATE of LOVE.

OR,

The Sences Festivall,

I saw a Vision yesternight
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* sight ;
I wist my selfe a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling sphear,
It was a She so glittering bright ?
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*,
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'sane ;
Beauties chiefeſt Maid of Honour :
You'd break a Lent with looking on her,
Not the fair Abbess of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eys,
Can shew me ſuch a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow ſhine, ſhe's brown ;
A brown, for which heaven wou'd diſband
The Gallaxye and the ſtarre be tapp'd.
Brown by reflexion, as her eye
Dazells the Summers livery.
Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles ;
Struct with the ſplendour of her face,
Do th' office of a burning glaſſe.
Now, where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
Now wonder if her cheeks be brown
Sun burnt with luſtre of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now impale her in mine arms.
(Loves compaſſes) conſining you
Good Angells, to a compaſſe too,
In the Universe ſtrake lac't,

POEMS.

When I am couch'd in the wark,
The unorgas sounds about thee burld,
With Drake, I compass in the world,
To sweep the Firmament, and make,
Thine my embrace the Zodiack,
What would thy Center take my sens,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extreme circumference !
Now to the melting kiss that lips
The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
So sweet, there is no tongue can phras't,
Till transubstantiate with a twist.
Inspir'd like Mahomet from above,
By th' billing of my heav'nly Doves,
Love paints her Signets in her smacks,
Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax ;
VVhich, wherefover she imparts,
They're Privy Seals to take up hearts,
Our mouths encountering at the sport,
My slippery soul had quit the fort,
But that she stopt the Salley-port.
Next to those sweeters her lips dispense,
As twin-conserve of eloquence :
The sweter perfume her breath affords ;
Incorporating with her words ;
No Rosary this Votressle needs,
Her very syllables are beads.
No sooner twixt those Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings wrod.
With what delight her speech doth enter,
It is a kiss oth' second venter.
And I dissolve at what I hear,
As if another Rosamond were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious blisse ;
Two souls pickering in a kisse,
Embraces do but draw the line,
The storming that must take her in.

When

POEMS.

When bodies whine, and victory hovers,
Twixt the equall fluttering lovers
This is the game, make flakes my dear,
Hark how the sprightly *Chanticleer*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boots* *of sel* to Cupids Knight.
Then have at all, the passe is got,
For coming off, oh name it not;
VVho would not die upon the spot!

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggars of the rhyming trade,
Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be splaid,
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias.
Of shrine, saint, sacrilege, and such as these
Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
My text defeats your art, ties natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinsil'd metaphors of pelf,
Illust:ated by nothing but his self.
As Spiders travell by their bowells spun
Into a thread, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist again each Panegirick line.
Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
As with a Jacobs staffe to take the height.
Suppose an Angell darting through the air,
Should there enconter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that inelligence
Should for a Sunday suit thy breath condense
Into a body. Let me crack a string
In ventring higher; were the note I sing

Above heavens Else, should I undecline,
 And with a deep-mouth'd *Gamma* sound agen
 From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
 Nor find an Epithet to set her forth.

Mettalls may blazon common beauties. She
 Makes pearl and planets humble heraldy.
 As then a purer substance is defin'd,
 But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
 Ask what a spirit is, you'll hear them cry
 It hath no matter, no mortality.
 So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
 Only I say she's not as others are.
 For what perfections we to others grant,
 It is her sole perfection to want.
 All other forms seem in respect of these
 The Almanacks misshap'd Anatomy,
 Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;
 The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; *Knees*, the *Goat*:
 A briet of lims foul as those beasts, or are
 Their name-sak'd signs in their strang character,
 As the Phylosophers to every sence
 Marry it's object, yet with some dispence,
 And grant them a Polygamie withall,
 And these their common *Sensible* they call:
 So is't with her, who flinted unto none,
 Unites all Sences in each action.
 The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,
 Is both to hear and teel, to tast and smell.
 For can you want a palate in your eys,
 When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can th'eyes want nose,
 When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Rose?
 Or can the sight be deaf, if she but speak,
 A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?
 Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel
 Which spares the bodies sheath, and melts the steel?
 Thy soul must needs confess, or grant thy sence
 Corrupted with the objects excellency.

P O E M S.

Sweet Magick, which can make five sences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom since all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove high fixt !
Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a She
Unlesse all nature pay a Subsidie,
Whose language is a Tax, whose Musck-eat verse
Voids nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,
Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice
Canst state the long disputed Paradise ;
And with Divines hunt with so cold a sent,
Canst in her bosome find it resident.
Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
Say the Astrologer, who spells the stars,
In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Physiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyicks of her Sex,
And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* ven
Physitians : call her *Square Circle*, say
She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
VVhat e're you undertake nor, say't of her,
For that's the way to write her C haracter.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
Thy fancy so as to inclose her praise,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperboles are here but sacriledge.
Then rouze up Musc, what thou hast reveal'd out,
Some comments clear nor, but increase the doubt.
She that affords poor mortalls not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance,
She that commits a rape on every sence.
VWhose breath can countermand a pestilence ;
She that can strike the best invention dead,
Till blasted Poetry hangs down her head,
She, she it is, she that contains all blisse,
And make the world but her Periphrasis.

POEMS.

UPON

Sir THOMAS MARTIN,

Who subscribed a Warrant thus:

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. when there was no Knight but himself.

Hang out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Afrik* never bred, nor swelling *Greece*
With stories timpany) a beast so rare
No *L&Eurers* wrought cap, nor *Earleman* fare
Can match him; natures whimsy, one that out-vies
Tredeskin and his ark of *Novelties*.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious fights
With reverence to your eys, Sir *Thomas Knightiss*;
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iffacher couchant 'twixt a brace of *Sirs*,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of *Panniers*,
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orson* bound together,
Spurs representative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs* Table:
Vvh^o in this sacrilegious masse of all
It seems ha's swallowed *in* *indfors* *Hospitall*.
Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a *Bakers* dozen.
Had he but trumpe on thee, whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the *Font* for *Smock*.
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie
Mettall on *Mettall* is ill *Armory*.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin*'s coat
Shines in exception to the *Heralds* vote.

Great

SONGS.

Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions through eccentric, state the cause,
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour, *Cesar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Imperius*.

Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betray'd,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Ampibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet *Sir Tom* go free.

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, drown'd in the Irish Seas.

X I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who scans his cys,
Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
I am no Poet here; my pen's the spout
V Where the Rain-water of mine eys runs out
In pity of that Name, whose fate we see
Thus copi'd out in griefs Hydrography:
The Muses are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn Helicon.
The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes upon't,
VVith Xerxes strives to fetter the Hellestone.
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
To guide their streams; but (like the waves their cause)
Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
As a description of his misery.
But can his spacious vertue find a grave
Within th' impostum'd bubble of a wave?
VVhose learning if we sound, we must confess
The sea but shallow, and him bottomless.
Could not the winds to counter-mand thy death,
VVith their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?

Or some new Island in thy rescue peep,
To heave thy resurrection from thee deep?
That so the world might see thy safety wrought,
With no lesse wonder than thy self was thought.
The famous *Stag-rite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Begueth'd his Widow to survive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Phylosophy:
An ominous Legacy, that did portend
Thy fate and Predecessors second end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
The sea can parallel in shape, and kind:
Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Vniversity.

We'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to see
Thy sacred reliques of Mortality
Shall welcome storms, and make the sea-men prize
His shipwrack now more then his Merchandise.
He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tomb
As to a *Royal Exchange* shall come.
What can we now expect? water, and fire;
Both elements our ruine do conspire:
And that dissolves us, which doth us compound.
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries must tosse,
To understand the greatnessse of our losse,
Be pupills to our grief, and so much grow
In learning, as our sorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eys,
We'l issue't forth, and yent such Elegies,
As that our tears shal seem the Irish seas,
We floting Islands, living *Hebrides*.

P O E M S.
On the same.

Tell me no more of *Stoicks*: canst thou tell
Who 'twas that when the waves began to swal,
The ship to sink, sad passengers to call,
[Master we perish] slept secure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept
A mind as constant as he did that slept,
Canst thou give credit to his zeale and love,
That went to Heaven, and to those flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? since I heard
Who 'twas, that on his knees the Vessel steer'd
With hands bolt up to heaven, since I see
As yet no sign of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone
The self same journey in a watry one.

Upon an
H E R M A P H R O D I T E,

Sir, or Madame, chuse you whether,
Nature twist'd you both together:
And makes thy soul two garbs confess,
Both petticoat and breeches dress.
Thus we chastise the God of *VVine*,
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler nymph abate
His wrath, and so concorporate.
Adam till his rib was lost,
Had both Sexes thus ingrost:
when Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony speaks but *7 bee*
In a grave solemnity
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*,

P O E M S.

Ravel the body, and I find
In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds such factions in the hair?
On half so churlish in the touch,
That rather then endure so much,
It would my tender limbs apparrell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:
But the other half so small,
And so amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A string for his invisible bow.
When I look babies in thine eys,
Here *Paris*, there *Adonis* eys.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon,
How many melting kisses skip
Thixt thy Male and Female lip?
Twixt thy upper brush of hair
And thy nether beards despair?
When thou speake'st, I would not wrong
Thy sweetnes with a double tongue:
But in every single sound
A perfect Dialogue is found.
Thy breasts distinguishe one another;
This is the sister, that the brother.
When thou joyn'st hands, my ear still fancies
The nuptiall sound, I Iohn take Frances:
Feel but the difference, soft, and rough,
This a Garter, that a Muff;
Had fly vlasses at the lack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too to know. *Achilles*
From King *Nichonides* Phillis,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle, that the warlike steel.
When Musick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

POEMS.

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Not is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone :
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, nor thy heart.
Nay thole which modesty can mean,
And dare not speak, are Epicene ;
That gamester needs must overcome,
That can play both Tib and Tom.
Thus did Nature mistage vary,
Coyning the Philip and Mary.

The Authors.

HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet inser-
ted in his POEMS.

PROBLEME of Sexes ; must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy Pedigree ?
Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw less than Arms acc upon two Dice :
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double father ?
True, the worlds scales are even : whar the main
In one place gets, another quits again,
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
Slice one in two, to keep her number just :
Plurality of livings is thy state,
And therefore mine must be inappropriate.
For, since the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by another's name,
Never did steeple carry double truer,
His is the donative, and mine the cure.
Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)
VVho 'tis that fame doth superimstitute.
The Theban wittall, when he once descries,
Love is his riviall, falls to sacrifice :
That name hath tipt his horns : see on his knee
A health to Hans-en-Kelder Meyckels.
Nay sublimary eucoids are committ.

POEMS.

To entertain their fate with complement ;
 And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
 To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains ?
 Grammercy Gossip, I rejoice to see
 Shee' th' got a leap of such a Barbary.

Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets crest ;
 For since the Muses left their former nests
 To found a Nunnery in *Randolph*'s quill,
 Cuckold *Pternassus* is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the worms from his compurgators.
 Can Ghost have naturall sons ? say *Ogg*, is't meet,
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet ?
 Were it a *Phoenix* (as the double kind
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
 It would disclaim my right, and that it were
 The lawfull issue of his ashes, swear.
 But was he dead ? did not his soul translate
 Her self into a shop of lesser rate ?
 Or breakup house like an expensive Lord,
 That gives his purse a tob, and lives at board ?
 Let old *Pythagorus* but play the Pimp,
 And still there's hopes't may prove his bastards imp :
 But I'me prophane ; For grant the world had one,
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
 I'ch body joyn'd, but parted in the head.

For you my brat, that posse the Porph'ry Chair,
 Pope *John*, or *Ioan*, or whatso'e're you are.
 You are a nephew, grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man, unlessie the Sun
 Club to the act of generation.

The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joyn't fathers of thy Poetry.

For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but mine
 O'ch' weaker Sex, a fancy femininc :
 Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter,
 So shal it be thy son, & yet thy daughter. Square-

Spquare Cap.

Come hither Apollo's bouncing Girle,
 And in a whole Hypocrene of sherry
 Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
 Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
 A Cambridge-Lasse, Venus-like born of the froth
 Of an old half-fil'd Jug of barley broth,
 She, she's my Mistris, her suitors are many,
 But shee I have a *Square-cap* ifcere she have any.

And first for the Plush-Lake the *Monmouth-cap* comes;
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
 With his new fangled oath, *By Iupiters thumbs*,
 That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
 He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
 He shall have—God knows what *per annum* :
 But still she replies, good Sir, La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then Calot-Leather-cap strongly pleads,
 And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion;
 The *Antipodes* weare their shoes on their heads,
 And why may not we in their imitation?
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,
 If it were but well tost on *S. Thomas* his Lees,
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought-cap*,
 With a long wasted conscience towards a Sister,
 And making a chappel of ease of her lap,
 First he said grace, and then he kist her,
 Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text,
 Then falls he to use and application next;
 But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'le be,
 For then I'm sure you'l ne're handle me.

But see where *Satian-cap* scours about,
 And fain would this wench in his fellowship marry

POEMS,

He told her how such a man was not put out,
Because his wedding he elotch did carry.
Hoe'l purchase Induction by Simony,
And offers her moncy her incumbent to be,
But still she replyed, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me.

The Lawyer's Sophister by his Round-cap,
Nor in their falacies are they divided;
The one milks the pocket, the other the cap,
And yet this wench he fain would have bridled.
Come leave these thredbare Schollers, quoth he,
And give me my livery and season of thee:
But peace Iohn-a-Nokes, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Improportion.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a Morning before Sun-risng.

The sluggish morn, as yet undrest,
My Phillis brake from out her East;
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, Usher to the Sun,
The trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
Setting more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall dury,
Wave branches to inclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopp,
Or age with crutches under prop,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of thgi; own,
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Mattinse and the Fan
Of whistling winds, like Organs, plai'd,

Yntill

P O E M S.

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Vntill thir Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours rise
To be her morning-Sacrifice,
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsie heads,
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks
VWhere Roses mix : no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The Marigold, whose Courtiers face
Echoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop ?
Mistakes her kue, and doth display :
Thus Phillis antidates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizled locks,
To see what Saints his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice-windows, give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Least her tull Orb his sight should dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what religious Palsie's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their blisse ?
And that they might her footsteps draw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and least her stay
Should wed O&ober unto May ;
And as her beautey caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
VWithdrew her beams, yet make no night,
But left the Sun her Cutate-light.

B

Upon

Upon a M I S E R that made a
 great feast, and the next day
 dyed for grief.

Now scapes he so : our dinner was so good,
 My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud :
 And wha delight she took in th' invitation,
 Strives to tast o're again in this relation.

After a tedious Grace in Hopkins ritisme,
 Not for devotion, but to take up time,
 March'd the train'd band of dishes usher'd there,
 To shew their postures, and then as they were,
 For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
 He will afford the lovers gluttony ;
 This is a feast, a muster, not a fight,
 Our weapons not for service, but for fight.

But are we tantaliz'd ? is all this meat
 Cook'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat ?
 Th' Astrologers keep such Houses when they sup
 On joyns of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
 Whatever feasts he made are sum'd up here,
 His table vyes not standing with his chear.
 His Churchings, Christnings, in this meal are all,
 And not transcrib'd, but in th' Originall,
 Christmas is no feast moveable : for lo
 The self-same dinner was ten years ago ;
 'T will be immortall, if it longer stay,
 The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay a while, unlesse my whinyard fall
 Or is enchanted, I'le cut off th' instail,
 Saint George for England then, have at the mutton,
 When the brit cut calls me blood-thirsty glutton :
 VVhat *Ajax* with his anger quodl'd brain
 Killing a sheep thought *Agamemnon* slain,
 The fiction's now prov'd true ; wounding his rost,
 I lamentably butcher up mine host :
 Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon

Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his capon,
 Cut a Goos's leg, and the poor soul for moan
 Turns creplic too, and afterlands on one.

Have you not heard the abominable sport

A Lancaster Grand Jury will report?

The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
 The cats they came to feast, when lusty Will
 whips off great Puss's leg, which by some charms
 Proves the next day such an old woman's arm :
 'Tis so with him, whose carcasse never scapes,
 But still we flash them in a thousand shapes :
 Our serving men, like Spaniels range, to spring
 The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.
 Should he on vridgeon, and on vwoodcock feed,
 It were (Thyfettes like) on his own breed.

To pork he pleads a superstition due,
 But not a mouth is muzzled by the Jew.

Sawces we should have none, had he his wish,
 The Oranges i' th' marget of the dish,
 He with such Hucters tells them o're and o're
 Th' Hesperian Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten now into despair,
 Having nougat else to do, he falls to prayer.

As thou didst once put on the form of Bull.

And turn'st thy Isto a lovely Mull,

Defend my rump great Jove, grant this poor beef

May live to comfort me in all this grief :

But no Amen was said : See, see it comes,

Draw boys, let trumpets sound and strike up drunis,
 See how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
 And every trencher has a limb of him.

The Ven'sons now in view, our hounds spend deeper,

Strange Deer which in the Pasty hath a keeper

Strickter then in the Park, making his guest

As he had stoln't alive) to steal it drest :

The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,

When Owids pack of dogs e're chace'd their Master,

double prey at once may seize upon,

Atean and his Case of Venison.

Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse,
Death serves him up now for a second course.

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to save his meat.

A Young Man to an Old Wo- man Courting him.

Peare Beldam Eve surcease thy suit;

There's no temptation in such fruit.

No rotten meddlers, whilst there be

VVhole Orchards in Virginity.

Thy stock is too much out of date

For tender plants t' inoculate.

A match with thee the bridegroom fears,

Would be thought int'rest in his years.

Which when compar'd to thine, become

Odd money to thy Grandam summe.

Can vvedlock know so great a curse

As putting husbands out to Nurse?

How Pond and Rivers would mistake,

And cry new Almanacks for our sake?

Time sure hath wheel'd about his year,

December meeting Ianuier.

Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,

And stript, returns unto his Prime:

If any affection thou would'st win,

First cast thy Hyeroglyphick skin.

My modern lips know not (alack)

The old Religion of thy smack.

I count that primitive imbrace,

As out of fashion as thy face.

And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,

Thy fornications classicall.

Our sports will differ: thou may'st play,

Leero, and I Alfonso way.

I me no Translator; have no veyn

To turn a woman yeang again :
 Unless you'l grant the Taylor's due,
 To see the fort-bodyes be new :
 I love to wear cloaths that art flush,
 Not prefacing old rags with plush :
 Like Aldermen, or monster Sheriffs,
 With canvas backs and velvet sleeves :
 And just such discord there would be
 Betwixt thy Skelton and me,
 Go study salve, and treacle, ply
 Your tenants leg, or his sore eye ;
 Thus matrons purchase credit, thank
 Six penny-worth of Mountebank :
 Or chew thy cood on some delight
 Thou takest in thy Eighty Eight.
 Or be but bed-rid once, and then
 Thou'l dream thy youthfull sins agen :
 But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
 First hearken, and attend thy vows,
 When Etna's fires shall undergo,
 The penance of the Alps in snow,
 When Sol at one blast of his horn
 Posts from the Crab to Capricorn,
 When th' heavens shuffie all in one,
 The Torrid with the frozen zone,
 When all these contradictions meet,
 Then (Sybill) thou and I will greet.
 For all these similes do hold
 In my young heat, and thy dull cold ;
 Then if a Feaver be so god
 A Pimpas to inflame thy blood,
 Hymen shall twist thee, and thy page
 The distinct Tropick of mans age,
 Well (Madam time) be ever bald,
 I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.
 I'le never be 'stead of a lover,
 An aged Chronicle new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt

why he was dumb.

Say, should I answer (Lady) then
 In vain would be your question.
 Should I be dumb, why then again
 Your asking me would be in vain.
 Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
 Can satisfy this strange demand.
 Yet since your will throws me upon
 This wished contradiction,
 I'll tell you how I did become
 So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

Ask but the chap-faine Puritan,
 'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
 For heat of conscience all men hold,
 Is th' only way to catch their cold;
 How should loves zealot then forbear
 To be your silenc'd Minister?
 Nay your Religion, which doth grant
 A worship due to you my Saint,
 Yet counts it that devotion wrong
 That does it in the vulgar tongue.
 My ruder words would give offence
 To such an hallow'd excellency;
 As th' English Dialec' would vary
 The goodness of an *Ayy Mary.*

How can I speak, that twice am checkt?
 By this and that Religious Sect?
 Still dumb, and in your face I spy
 Still cause, and still Divisayd.
 As soone as blest with your fature,
 My manners caught me to be mute;
 For, least they cancell all the blisse,
 You sign'd with so divine a bille,
 The lips you seal must needs confirme
 Unto the tongues imprisonment.
 My tongue in hold, my voyce doth rise

With a strange Ease to my eys,
Where it gets bair, and in that sense
Begins a new found Eloquence :

O listen with attentive sight,
To what my praeling eys indite :
Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choyce,
To give, or to suspend my voyce,
VVish the same key set ope the door
VVherewith you lockt it fast before ?
Kisse once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muse shall write with handmaids dury
The Golden Legend of your beauty.
He, whom his dumness now contyns,
But means to speake the rest by sightns.

I.C.

A Faire N Y M P H scorning.

a Black Boy Courting her.

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the ayt,
Why should the smoak pursue the fair ?

Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be gues't.

VVhat flames within have scorch'd my brest,

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps loves taper,
Surer then yours that's of white paper.

Whatever mid-night hath been here,

The Moon-shine of your light can clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,

Buy for me a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes : but my bargain shall be this,
I'lle throw my Mask off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd imbrates shall delight,

To chequer limbs with black and white.

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gaudies,

POEMS.

Our nuptiall bed will make a presse ;
And in our sports, if any came,
They, I read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair ?

Let the dark shop command thy ware ;
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'll strive to wash it off with tears.

Nymph. Spare fruitlesse tears, since thou must needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds ;
Tears can no more affections win,
Then wash thy Ethyopian skin.

A Dialogne between two ZEALOTS
upon the 8th C. in the OATH.

Sir Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes ;
Whose yearly Audit may by strict secompt,
Two twenty Nobles of his Vails amount ;
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Till the Scots can bring about their parity ;
So shotten, that his soul like to himself,
Walks but in Quarre : this lame Clergy Elf,
Encou'ring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgells with the Oath :
The quarrell was a strange mishapen monster,
e. (God blesse us) which they consider,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beast.
The Dragons tayl ty'd on a knoe, a nest
Of young Apocophoes, the fashion
Of a new mentall Reservation.

While Roger thus divides the text, the other
winks and expounds, saying, my pious brother,
Harken with reverence ; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I fasted twice.
And so by Revelation know it better
Then all the learn'd Idolatres o' th' Lester
With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great Goliath with his weavers beam :

I say to thee &c. thou ly'st,
 Thou art the curied lock of Antichrist:
 Rubbish of Babell, for who will not say
 Tongues were confounded in &c. ?
 Who swears &c. swears more oaths at once
 Then cerberus out of his triple Sconce.
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent
 what lately the prodigious Oysters meant.
 Oh Booker, Booker, how can't thou to lack
 Th is sign in thy prophetick Almanack ?
 It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernall plo
 Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soone descry it
 By all the Father Garnets that stand by it ;
 'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
 Shall keep another fifth day of November,
 Yet he'e's not ell. I cannot half untruis
 &c. it's so abhominous.
 The Trojan Nag was not so fully lin'd,
 Unrip &c. and you shall find
 Of the great Commissary, and which is worse,
 Th' Apparatour upon his skewbald horse.
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
 &c. will be too far to swear :
 For 'tis (to speak in a familiar style)
 A Yorkshire wea-bit, longer then a mile.
 Then Roger was inspir'd, and by Gods diggers,
 Hee'll swear at words in large, and noe in figures.
 Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loch
 To leave &c. in this liquid Oath,
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
 He swears shall seal the Synods Caroline.
 So they drunk on, not offering to part
 Till they had quite sworn out th' eleventh quart
 while all that saw and heard them, joyntly prays
 They and their tribe were all &c.

S M E C T Y M N U U S or the
C L U B - D I V I N E S .

SMECTYMNUS ? the Goblin makes me start :
I' th' Name of Rabbi Abraham, what art ?
Syriack ? or Arabick ? or Welsh ? what skilt ?
Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel builr.
Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it :
Till then 'tis fit for a wwest-saxon Poet.
But do the brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with disguises ?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if twere train'd would spread a mile ?
The Saints Monopoly, the zealous cluster,
Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
And shoots his quills at Bishops and there seces,
A devout litter of young Macabees.
Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath devoutly shown
The twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone.
Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treason's fashion ;
Now we have Heretic by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixote's* Rosary of slaves
Strung on a chain ; a Murnivall of knaves
Pakt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which fit all of a side :
So the vain fayrits stand all a row ;
As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show.
Th' *Insolite* monster pregnant with his brother,
Natures Dyeresis, half one another.
He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
Must both give way unto *Smectymnus*.
Next *Starbridge-faire* is *Smeç's* ; for to his side
Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multipli'd.
Under each arm there's stuckt a double gyslard,
Five faces lurk under one single vizard.
The whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,

Heirs

Heirs of confusion by Gavel-kind.

I think Pythagoras's soul is rambl'd hither,

With all the change of Rayment on togeth'ry.

Sme is her generall yward robe, since I ne' dar

To think of him as of a thorough fare,

He stops the Gosipping Dame; alone he is

The parlen of a *Merempachis*.

Like a Scotch mark, where the more modest sense

Checks the loud phrase, and shrinkes to 13. penes,

Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whole flame,

Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same,

Like to nine Taylors, who if rightely spell'd,

Into one man are monosyllable,

Short-handed zeal in one hath cramp'd many,

Like to the Decalogue in a single-penny.

See, see how clothe the eyes hant under sheer,

As if they spent in Quire, and span'd their feet,

One cure and fire Incumbentis leap a truse,

The title sure must be ligorous,

The Sadduces would raise a question,

Who must be Sme at the Resurrection.

Who cook'd them up together were to blame,

Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their name,

'Twould make another Prentices Petition,

Against the Bishops, and their superstition.

Robson and French (that count from five to five,

As far as natureingers did conceive,

She saw they would be scifers, that's the cause

She cleft their hoof into so many claws)

May tyre their carret bunch, yet ne're agree

To rate Smetymnum for Polcmony.

Caligula, whose pride was mankinds bair,

As who disdain'd to murder by retail;

Wishing the world had but one generall neck,

His glutton blade might have found game in Sme,

No echo can improve the Author more,

Whose lungs pay use on use to halfe a score,

No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand

Both supercrites his shoulder and his hand.
 Some vvelish man was his God-father, for he
 VVears in his name his Genealogy.
 The Bantayre a-sit, would but the time give way,
 Betwixt Smellymuss and Et cetera.
 The gueks invited by a friendly summons,
 Should be the convocation and the commons,
 The Priest to tye the Foxes tayls together,
 Moscley, or Santa Clara, chuse you whether,
 See, what an off-spring every one expects !
 What strange pluralites of men and leets ?
 One layes her'l get a Vestery, another
 Is for a Synod : But upon the moother,
 Faith cry S. George, let them go to't, and stickle,
 Whether a Conclave, or a Convnicle,
 Thus might religions caterwaul, and spight,
 VVhich uses to divorce, might once unite,
 But their crose fortunes interdict their trade.
 The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displa'i'd.
 My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkyd,
 So many cards i'th flock, and yet be bilke ?
 I could by letters now untwist the rabble ;
 VVhip Sme from Constable to Constable.
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Only kneel down, and take your fathers blessing ;
 May the Queen-Mother jullise your fears,
 And streich her Patent to your leather ears.

The

The mixt Assemblies

Lea-bitten Synod; an Assembly brew'd
 Of Clerks and Elders aye, like the rude
 Chaos of Presb'ry, where Lay-men guide
 With the same wool-pack Clergy by their side,
 Who askt the Banes' twixt these discolour'd mates?
 A strange Crotesco this, the Church and States
 Most divine tick-tack in a pye-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Ethiopian* heir
 By picture, when the parents both were fair,
 At sight of you had born a dappledson,
 You chequering her imagination.
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled, and ring-streaked lambs,
 Like an Impropiators Motley kind,
 Whose scarlet Coat is with a callock lin'd.
 Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergy e're they did the deed.
 Like *Royall* crows, who are (as I may say)
 Fryers of both the Orders *Black* and *Gray*.
 So mixt they are, one knows not whethers thicker,
 A Layre of *Burgesse* or a Layre of *Vicer*.
 Have they usurp'd what *Royall Judah* had?
 And now must *Levi* too partakes with *God*?
 The Scepter and the Crosier are the crutches,
 Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
 Will fail the Cripole state. And were no pity
 But both should serve the yardwand of the City?
 That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
 Judge of *as afe* and *Elegit*.
 Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
 The Mischiany satyr, and the fawn,
 And all the adulteries of twisted nature,
 But faintly represent this ridling feature.

whose

Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own.
 Their fellowes at the Resurrection.
 Strange Scarlet Doctors these, they'l passe in story
 For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory ;
 Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where their joynly rules
 The fading fables, and the coming gules.
 The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shews
 Tormented in the flames of *Cardolphus* Nose,
 Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
 This shoulder *John-a-filles*, that *John-a-Nokes* ;
 Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,
 With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either.
 Like their intended Discipline to boot,
 Or whatsoe'er hath neither head nor foot :
 Such may their strip't-stuff-hangings seem to be,
 Sacrilege matcht with Codpiece symony ;
 Be sick and dream a little, you may then
 Phantise these Linsie, vwoolseie Vestry men.

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
 Such company perchance may spoyl thy swearing ;
 And these Drum-major oaths of Bulk unruly,
 May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
 He that the Noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
 Will he strike up a *Hot-spur* of the spirits ?
 Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
 With his uncircumcised *Algernon* :
 A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd
 By him in *Gath* with the fixfinger'd hand.

See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Presto, they're gone, and now the house of *Lords*
 Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg.
 But with threc teeth, like to a tripple gagg.

A Jig, a Jig, and in this anticke dance
Welding and *doxy Marshall* first advance,
Twisse blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace
 Puts on the traces, and treads *cinque-a-pace*.
 Then *Say and Seal* must his old hamstrings supple,
 And he and rumpled *Palmer* make a couple.

P O E M S.

Palmer's a fruitfull girl, if hee's unfold her,
The mid-wife may find work about her shoulder,
Kimbolton that rebellious Burges,
Must be content to saddle Doctor Burges :
If Burges get a clap, 'tis neare the worste,
But the fist time of his Compurgators.
Nel bowls is coy, good sadness cannot dance
But in obedience to the Ordinance.
Here Wharton wheels about, till Mumping Lidy,
Like the full Moon hath made his Lordship giddy :
Pym and th: Members must their giblets levy,
T' incouter Madam More that singe Bevy.
If they two truck together, will not be
A Child-birth, but a Goal-delivery.
Thus every Gibelins hath got his Guelph,
But Selder, hee's a Galliard by himself,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Then in all this their Jewish Sabbathrim :
Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date
When Muses their Cozen Germans generate.
Thus Moses law is violated now,
The Ox and the Asse go yok'd in the same plow :
Resign thy Coach-box Twiffe; Brook's Preacher, he
Would sort the beasts with more conformity,
Water and earth make but one Globe a Round-head
Is Clergy Lay Party per-pale compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

And why a Tenant to this vile disguise,
Which who but sees blasphemeth thee with his eyes ?
My twins of light within their penthouse shrink,
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh for a state distinction to a reign
Charles of high Treason 'gainst thy Sovereign.
What an usurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.
His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,

His ruines prove him a religious house,
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
 And Majestie defac't the Royall stamp.
 Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transmisse it in thy shape and all?
 As if thy Blacks were of too faint a dye,
 Without the tincture of Tautology.
 Flay an Egyptian for his Caslocks skin
 Spun of his Countreys darknesse, line't within
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowne trancce,
 The Synod sable foggy ignorance.
 Nor bodily nor ghostly Negro could
 Rough-cast thy figure in a lader mould:
 This Privy-chamber of thy shape will be
 But the close mourner of thy Royalty.
 'T will break the circle of thy Jaylors spell,
 A Pearl within a rugged Oyster shell.
 Heaven, which the Minister of thy person owns,
 Will fine thee for Delapidations:
 Like to a martyr'd Abbeys courser doom,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room,
 Or like the Colledge by the changeling rhabble,
 Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a stable.
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,
 Such is the sacrilege of thine stire.
 By which th' art half depos'd, thou look'st like one
 Whose looks are under Sequestration.
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance,
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance.
 Angell of light, and darknesse too, I doubt,
 Inspir'd within, and yet possest'd without;
 Majestick twy-light in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.
 Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun wears mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd,
 And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud:
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate!

The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat:
 What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
 That shrinks his rayes to this Apostacy?
 It is no subtile film of tiffany ayr,
 No cob-veb vizard, such as Ladies wear,
 When they are veild on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquisht skreen;
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough
 Metall, and three pil'd darknesses, like the flough
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis Faux in grain,
 Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
 Hell belsht the damp, the marmite- Castle-Vote
 Rang Britains Curfeu, so our light went out.
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fettters:
 Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
 Sure they would fit the body Politique,
 False beard enough to fit a stages plot,
 For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.
 Nay all his properties so strange appear,
 Y're not i'th' presence, though the King be thered,
 A Libell is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
 Such as the Hue and Cry once purg'd at mouth,
 Scribbling assassinate, thy lines attest
 An ear-mark due, Cub of the blatant beast,
 Whose wrath before, 'tis syllabled for worse,
 Is blasphemy unledg'd, a callow curse,
 The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind,
 Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
 It to the barque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
 But I'le not dub thee with a glorious scar,
 Nor sink thy scullat with a man of war.
 The black-mouth'd Signs; and this flandering suit,
 Both do alike in picture execute.
 But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?
 As Temples use to have their Porches wrought

With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzzling Pourtrairies, to shew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
Clark of this Closet to your Majestie ;
Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dress
I see the Golspell coucht in Parables.
At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And shewes Religion in it's dusky types.
Such a Text Royall, so obscure a-shade,
Was Solomon in Proverbs all Array'd.

Come all the bears of this expounding age,
To whom the spirit is in pupillage ;
You that damn more then evr^t Sampson slew,
And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too ?
How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery ?
Hence Cabinet- intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim^t Jewells with your Bristol-sence :
And Characters like Witches, so torment,
Till they confess a guilt, though innocent.
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but S. Peter's ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
Critick spectators with redundant light.
A Prince most seen, is least : what Scriptures call
The Revelation, is most mysticall.
Mount theri thou shadow royall, and with hast
Advance thy morning star, Charles's overcast.
May thy strange journey contradictions twist,
And force fair weather from a scottish mist,
Heav'ns Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages
To interpret Eclipse, thus ryding stages.
Thus Israel like he travells with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him, and a shroud.
But oh ! he goes to Gibeon, and reaours,
A league with mouldy breyd, and clouted shooes.

THE REBELL
S. C O T,

How! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew,
 Then Madam nature wears black patches too;
 What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
 To see his Country sick of *Pym's* disease
 By Scotch invasion, to be made a prey
 To such *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poysontoo.
 Were I a drousie Judge, whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth halters as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rickstone)
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction,
 Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Genevab Bull*,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all chose mouth. Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Horus*) swallow daggers first.
 Come keen *Lambicks* with your badgers fees,
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyriks, to imp my rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this ages.
 Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch till the blood come; they'll not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were in sore't to take
 The shape of beasts, like hypocrites, at stake,
 I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eys.

A Scot within a beast is no disguise.

No more then *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation
Fosters no *Venom*, since the Scots plantation :
Nor can our feign'd antiquity maintain ;
Since they came in, *England* hath *Wolves* again.
The Scot that kept the *Tower*, might have shown
(Within the grate of his own brest alone)
The *Leopard* and the *Panther*, and ingrost
What all those wild Collegiates had cost :
The honest high-shoes, in their ternly fees
First to the salvage *Lawyer*, next to these.
Nature her self doth *Scorch-men* beasts confesse,
Making their Country such a wildernes :
A Land that brings in question and suspense
Gods omnipresence, but that *Charles* came thence :
But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyall band
Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the Land ;
Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots ;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk of Scots* :
As in a picture where the squinting paint
Shew's fiend on this side, and on that side sains :
He that saw hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twy-light of his fancy's theam,
Scar'd from his sins repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proselite.
A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
O may they never suffer banishment !
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his doom,
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like *Jews* they spread, and as infecion flye,
As if the devill had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at *Rovers*, and defie
This or that place, rags of *Geography*.
They're *Citizens* o' th world ; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be drest, or how to lispe abroad ;
To return knowing in the *Spanish* thug,

Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Resembles most in belly, or in beard.

(The Card by which the Marriners are steer'd.)

No; the Scots-Errant fight, and fight to eat;
Their Estridge-stomachs make their swords their meat;
Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choyce;

The Serpent's fatall still to Paradise.

Sure England hath the Hemeroyds, and these

On the North posture of the patient seize,

Like Leeches, thus they physically thirst

After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o'th score,

To purchase Villanage as once before.

When an Act pass'd to stronk them on the head,

Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Nor gold, nor acts of grace, 'tis steel must tame

The stubborn Scot: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebells by yielding, doth like him, (or worse)

Who sadled his own back, to shame his horse,

Was it for this you left your leaner soyl,

Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoyl?

They are the Gospels Life-guard, but for them,

The Garrison of new Jerusalem,

What would the Brethren do? the cause! the cause!

Sack possets, and the fundamentall Laws!

Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!

How a Scotch-stomach, and no meat, converts!

Then wanted food, and rayment; so they took

Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook,

Unmask them well; their honours and estate,

As well as conscience are sophisicate.

Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,

A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noysse,

When constru'd but for a plain Yeomanrigg,

And a good sober two-pence, and well sois.

Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,

You picks in Gentry and devotion :
 You scandoll to the stock of Verse, a race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace,
 Hyperbole by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
 The Indian, that heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
 Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
 He would Erasmus-like have hung between :
 My Mnse hath done, A Voider for the nonee ;
 I wrong the divell, should I pick their bones.
 That dish is his ; for when the Scots decease,
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
 A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
 Drops in Styx, and turns a Solan-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this ? what shall the cheeks of Fame,
 Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,
 Be flag'd again ; and that great piece of sence,
 A stich in Loyalto, as Eloquence.
 Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State ?
 Like Chomists tinctures, prov'd adulterate ?
 The devill sure such language, did atchieve
 To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam Eve,
 As this Impostare found out, to be so
 Th' experienc'd English to believe a Scot,
 Who reconcil'd the Covenants double sence ?
 The Commons argument, or the Cities pence ?
 Or did you doubt persistance in one good
 Would spoile the fabrick of your brotherhood,
 Projected first in such a forge of sin,
 Was fit for the grand devills hammering ?
 Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
 Should tell the world you know the sins you a'e ?
 The infamy thisuper treason brings
 Blasts mo re then murders of your fifty Kings.
 A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,

Those

Those hold with this no competition;
 Kings only suffer'd then, in this doth lyce
 The Assassination of Monarchy.
 Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
 If not e' attempt deposing of your God.
 Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see
 Heavens angry lightning 'bove your ears to flee,
 Till you were shrivel'd to dust; and your cold Land
 Parcht to a drought beyond the Lybian sand!
 But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse,
 Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.
 First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
 Your power hath bauded, cease to count you friends
 And prompted by the dictate of their reason,
 Reproach the *Traitors*, though they hug the *Treason*.
 And may their jealousies increase and breed,
 Till they confine your steps beyond the Tweed:
 In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
 A stigmatizing brand of infamy;
 Till forc't by generall hate, you cease to reome
 The world, and for a plague to live at home
 Till you resume your poverty, and be
 Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free
 To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
 Translated to a generall Hospital.
 Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
 To give you comfort of a summers day;
 But as a guerdon for your traiterous war,
 Live cherisht only by the Northern star,
 No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
 And be to all but banisht men, as lost.
 And such in heightning of the infliction due,
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
 Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
 But Power, your lives and liberties may aw,
 No Subject mongst you keep a quiet breſt,
 But each man strive through blood to be the best;
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought;

By your own sword your just revenge be wrought,
 To sum up all—let your Religion be,
 As your Allegiance, mas'k hypocritic;
 Untill, when Charles shall be compos'd in dust,
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of good and just;
 He sav'd, incensed heaven may have forgot
 T' afford one act of mercy to a Scot.
 Unless that Scot deny himself, and do
 (Whats easier far) renounce his Nation too.

Rupertinus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet!
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it!
 Or like the Doctors Militant, could get
 Dub'd at adventures Verter Banneret!
 Or had I *cacus* trick to make my rimes
 Their own Antipodies, and track the times;
 Faces about, sayes the Remonstrant spirit;
 Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
 Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder
 Might be a Surgeon now, and pasic by Order.
 Had I but Elsing's gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)
 That declares one way, and yet means another:
 Could I but write a-squint; then (Sir) long since
 You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince*.
 I had observ'd the language of the dayes;
 Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
 With humble service, and such other Fustion,
 Bells which ring backward in this great combustion.
 I had revil'd you, and without offence,
 The Literall, and Equitable Sence,
 Would make it good: when all fails, what will do's?
 Sure that distinction cleft the devils foot.
 This were my Dialet, would your highnesse please
 To read me but with Hebrew spectacles;
 Interpret Counter, what his croise rehears'd;
 Libells are commendations when reyers'd.
 Just as an Optique glasse contracts the sight

At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't,
But you're inchanied, Sir, you're doubly free
From the great guns, and iquibbing Poetry:
Who neither Bilbo, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses.
Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail,
If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the bonny Bessies
Supplyed the bow-strings with their twisted tresses.
Your spels could ne're have fenc'd you; ev'ry arrow
Had lanc'd your noble brest and drunk the marrow;
For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.
Then use the Nuns of Helicon with pity,
Lest wharson tell his Gossips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and such
Their Generall wangs Militia to touch.
Impotent & sex! is it not a shame
Our Common-wealch, like to a Turkish Dame,
Should have an Eunuch-Guardian? may she be
Ravish'd by charles, rather then sav'd by thee.
But why, my Muse, like a green-sicknesse Girl,
Feed'st thou on coals and dirt, a guelding Earl
Gives no more relish to thy female paist,
Then to that afe did once the thistle-salat.
Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
Thou and thy sisters like bright Amazons,
Give Rupert an alarum, Rupert! one
Whose name is wits Superfetation.
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all valour, present, past to come.
He, who the old Phylosophy controls,
That voted down plurality of souls,
He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
The wonders of their age, constellate here,
And as the elder sisters growth and fense
(Souls paramount themselves) in man commence
But faculty of reasons Queen, no more

Are

Are they to him, who were compleat before ;
 Ingredients of his vertue thred the beads
 Of Cesars acts, great Pompeys and the Sweeds ;
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Rupert's* hand,
 By which that vast triumvirate is spand'd,
 Here, here is Palmetry ; here you may read
 How long the world shall live, and when't shall bleed,
 What ever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath :
 For nature rais'd him out of the *Publike Faith*,
 Pandora's brother to make up whole store,
 The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
 Such was the Printers Brieve for *Venues* face ;
 Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*,
 Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z flea of the place
 That tips their Antlers for the calf of Stace ?
 Let the zeal twanging noise that wants a ridge,
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge :
 Yes, and the gossip spoon augment the sum,
 Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendom ;
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
 Which their self-wants payes in commuting self.
 Pardon great Sir ; for that ignoble crew
 Gains, when made bankrupts in the scales with you.
 As he whom in his character of light
 Stil'd in Gods shadow made it far more bright
 By an Eclipse so glorious, (light is dim
 And a black nothing, when compar'd to him :)
 So 'tis illustrious to be *Rupert's* foil,
 And a just trophye too be made his spoil :
 I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnall's* sleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
 The Conquests which the Common-Council hears
 With their wide list'ning mouth from the great Peers,
 That ran away in triumph, such a toe
 Can make them vistors in their overthrow.
 Where providence and valour meet in one,
 Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
 That he revives the quarell once again

POEMS.

Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain ;
And leaves is a drawn match ; whose fervor can
Hatch him, whom nature poach'd but half a man ;
His trumpet, like the Angels at the last,
Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.

'Twas the Mount *Atlas* carv'd in shape of man
(As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whose right hand should a populous land contain,
The left should be a channell to the main :
His spirit might inform th' amphibious figure,
Yet straight-lac'd sweat for a Dominion bigger ;
The terror of whose name can out of seven
(Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven,
Thus some grow rich by breaking ; Vipers thus
By being slain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confuse no losse of men ;
For *Rupert* knockt 'em, till they gig agen.
They fear the Giblets of his train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four-leg'd *Cavalier* :
He that devours the scraps that *Landsford* makes,
Whose picture feeds upon a child in *Quakes* ;
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pim*.
'Gainst whom they have severall Articles in souse ;
First that he barks against the fence o'th House.
Resolv'd Delinquent, to the tower straight,
Either to th' *Lions*, or the Bishops *Grate*.
Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tall,
But there the Sisterhood will be his bail,
At least the Countesse will. *Luft's Amsterdam*,
That lets in all religious of the game.
Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too then *Pym's* from his own Letter :
Who's doubly payd) fortune, or we the blinder ?)
For making plots, and then for *Fox* the finder.
Lastly, he is a devill without doubt ;
For when he would lye down, he wheels about ;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,

And

And therefore score up one for conjuring.
 What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quarter, quart,
 I'me but an instrument, a mere S. Arthur,
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary;
 Whose office 'tis alike, to fetch and carry.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That strung the Jesuite, will dispatch a cur.
 Were I a devil, as the Rebell fears,
 I see the House would try me by my Peers;
 There Iowler, there I ha Iowler I 'll 'tis nought,
 What e're the accusers cry, they're at a fault;
 And Glyn, and Maynard have no more to say,
 Then when the glorious Stafford stood at bay.

Thus Labels but annexed to him we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.

S. Peters shadow heal'd; Ruperts is such,
 'Twould find S. Peters work, yet wound as much;
 Hegags their Guns, defeats their dire intent,
 The Canons do but lisp and complement.
 Sure Love descended in a leaden shou're
 To get his Perseus: hence the fatal power
 Of shot is strangled: bullets thus ally'd,
 Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
 Go on braye Prince, and make the world confess,
 Thou art the greater world, and that the less.
 Scatter th' accumulative King, untrusse
 That five-fold fiend, the States Smeet, mynus;
 Who place Religion in their Vellam ears,
 As in their Phylasters the Jews did theirs.
 England's a Paradise (and a modest Word)
 Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming sword.
 Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers;
 And cure the Chin-cough better then the bears.
 Old Sybil charms the Tooth-ach with you: Nurse
 Makes you still children; and the pondrous curse
 The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,
 (Now Rupert take thee, Rogue; how dost thou do?)
 In fine, the name of Rupers thunders so,
 Kynbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epi-

Epitaph on the Earle of STAFFORD.

Here lyeth and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just
Stafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.
He spent his time here in a mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His Prince's nearest Joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted all relief.
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate :
One in extremes lov'd and abhor'd.
Riddles lyeth here, or in a word,
Here lyeth blood, and let it lyeth
Speechlesse still, and never cry.

Epitaphium Thomae Comitis Staf- fordii, &c.

*Exurge Cenis; tuumq; solus qui potes es scribe Epitaphium
Nequit Wentworthi ngn esse facundus vel Cenis.
Effare Marmor, & quem scipisci comprehenderes,
Malleo Exprimere.*
Candidius meretar urna quam quod rubri.
Notatum est literis Elogium,
Atlas Regininis Monarchie hic iacet laetus :
Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia :
Rex Politie, & Prorex Hibernie,
Staffordus, & Virtutum Comes :
Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Apollinis :
Cui Adglia Hiberniam debuit, seorsam Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonium, quo sub rupicundâ vesperâ occidente,
Non simul & dies visa est : dentroque oculo flevit,
Lævogata latata est Anglia.
Theatrum Henorii, itemque Scena sub mitosa Virtutis
Altioribus,

POEMS.

Adoribus, morbo, morte, & iuvidis,
Quæ turuusimæ Regis non vicit tamquam,
Sed oppresſor.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) caput
Bellæ (vel sic) multorum capiuntur:
Meres favorem Scottiæ, præterpermissus:
Erubuit ut etatigis securis,
Similis quippe nauquam degubavit sanguinem.
Monstrum morte: fuit tam insensus Logibus,
Ut perius Legem quam nata fore, violavit,
Hunc tam non subtilis Lex,
Verum Necessitas, non habens Legem,
Abi Viatot, cetera memorabunt posteri.

OH the Arch Bishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chimerically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o' th' brain,
Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not Bushells Wells can match a Poets eye:
In wanton water-works hee'll tune his tears
From a Geneva Jig up to the Sphears.
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publike, we may call
It Britains Vespers, Englands Funeral.
Who hath a Pensill to expresse the saint,
But he hath eyes too, washing of the paine?
There is no learning but what tears surround,
Like to Seths Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Chureh, Religion is grown
From much of late, that shee's increast to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheums,
First swells into a bubble, then consumes,
The Law is dead, or easst into a trance,

And

And by a Law dough-bak'd, an Ordinance,
The *Liturgy*, whose doom was voted next,
Dyed as a Comment upon him the text.
There's nothing lives ; life is since he is gone,
But a Nocturnall Lucubration.

Thus you have seen deaths inventory read
In the sum totall — *Canterbury's dead.*

A fight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himself a Convert in his bleeding cys.

Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours,
(That which *Agnes* like weeps and devours)

Tears that flow blackish from their souls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.

Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his sadder face with noble smiles,

Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
Shines in his showers, as if he wept his beams,

How could successe such villanies applaud ?

The state in *Stafford* fell, the Church in *Laud* :

The twins of publike rage adjug'd to dye,
For treasons they should act, by Prophetic.

The Fa's were done before the Laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.

Be dull great spirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.

No Church man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On J. W. A. B. of Yorke.

SAY, my young Sophister, what think'st of this ?
ebimera's reall ; *Ergo falleris.*

The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
And here concorp-rate in one Prodigie.

Call an *Haruspex* quickly ; let him get
Sulphur, and Torches, and a Lawrell wet,

To purifie the place, for sure the harms
This monster will produce, transcend his charms.

'Tis Natures Master-piece of error, this ;

And

And redeems what ever she did amisse,
Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
Legitimateth all her by-blows past.

Loe here a generall Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatiue Presbyterian,
Behold this pious Garb, Canonique face,
A zealous *Episcop*-maitrix Grace ;
A pair blaw-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleeved brother,
One leg a Pulpit holds, a tub the other.
Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apostate once more Christian,
Protestants yet cannot call him ? he put on
His change of shapes by a succession ;
Nor the *Welsb* Weather cock ; for that we finde,
At once doth only wait upon the wind :
These speak him not, but if you'l name him right
Call him *Religious Hermaprodite*.
His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
Yet sticks th' abominable Miter fast,
He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
And yet has got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
By cryng Altars down, to sacrifice
To private malice ; where you might have seen
His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
Unhappy Church ! the Viper that did share
Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and store.
Alas ! thine own son proves the forrest-boare,
And like the Dam-destroying Cuckow he,
When the thick shell of his Welsh pedigree,
By thy warm fost'ring bosomy did divido
And open, straight thence sprung forth *Parricide* :
As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht
In thee, by th' Monster which thy self hadst hatcht.
Despair not though, in Wales there may be got,
As well as Lincolnshire an ascidote,
Gainst the foul'st venom he can spit, though's he ad-

Were chang'd from subtil gray to peys'rous red.
 Heaven with propitious cys will loock upon
 Our party, now the cursed thing is gone;
 And chaste Rebells, who nought else did misse
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his:
 Whose foul imparall'd apostacy,
 Like to his sacred character shall be
 Indellible, when ages then of late
 More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
 A period to his dayes and time shall give,
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live,

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
 Who Gods Anoynted and his Church betray'd.*

Mark Anthony.

VV Hen the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
 And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
 Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd;
 Where she before had sent
 My wishes complement,
 Vnto my hearts content,
 Playd with me on the Green,
 Never Mark Anthony
 dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine cys feasted,
 Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:
 Next on her warm lips, which when I tasted,
 My duller spirits made active as fire.
 Then we began to dart
 Each at anothers heart,
 Arrows that knew no smart;
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
 Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plate her amber tresses,
 Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arme,

Gaudier then Zizo wears when as she graces
 Love with embraces more stately then warm,
 Then did she peep in music
 Bys humour Christalline ;
 In her eys was seen,
 As if we one had been.
 Never Mark, &c.

Mystical Grammer of amorous glances,
 Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love,
 Rhetoricall courtings, and Musciall dances ;
 Numbring of kisles Arithmetick prove.
 Eys like Astronomy,
 Streight limb'd Geometry :
 In her hearts ingeny
 Our wits are sharp and keen.
 Never Mark, &c.

The Anthors Mock-Song to MARK ANTHONY.

VVhen as the Night-raven sung Pluto's Mattins,
 And Cerberus cryed three Amens at a houl,
 Whern night-wandring Witches put on their pautins,
 Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul :
 Then did the furies doom
 That the Night mare was come ;
 Such a mis-shapen Groom
 Puts down *Sus. Fomfret* clean.
 Never did In. ubus
 Touch such a filthy Sus,
 As this foul Gypsic Quean :

First on her goosberry cheeks I mine eys blasted
 Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
 Vnto her blewier lips, which when I tasted,
 My spirits were duller then Dun in the mire.

POEMS.

49

But when her breath took place,
Which went an Vshers pace,
And made way for her face ;
You may guesse what I mean,
Never did Incubus
Touch such a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gyplic Quean.

Like snakes ingendring were plated her tresses,
Or like slimy streaks of ropy ale ;
Vglier then Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with adders tayl.

But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake :
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicæne.
Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick or conjuring wrinkles,
Feeling of pulses, the Palmestry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for Rhetorick twinkles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.

Rainbows about her eys,
And her nose weather-wise,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Frost, Pond, and Rivers clean.
Never did, &c.

D 2

How

How the *Commencement* grows new,

IT is no *currant* news I undertake,
 New teacher of the town I mean not to make,
 No new England voyage my muse does intend,
 No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
 But if you'll be pleas'd to bear but this ditty
 I'll tell you some news as true and as witty;
 And how the *Commencement* grows new.

See how the Symony Doctours abound,
 All crowding to throw away forty pound,
 They'll now in their wives stammell petticoats vaper,
 Without any need of an argument draper,
 Beholding to none, he neither beseeches,
 This friend for Ven'son, nor tother for speeches.
 And so the *Commencement* grows new.

Everytwice a day teaching Gaffer
 Bring up his Easter book to chaffer,
 Nay some take degrees who never had steeple,
 Whose means like degrees comes from places of people,
 They come to the fair, and at the first pluck,
 The Toll-man Barnaby strikes'um good luck.
 And so the *Commencement* grows new.

The Country persons come not up
 On tuesday night in their old Colledge to sup,
 Their bellies and table books equally full,
 The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;
 How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed,
 The Homilies urg'd, and the school men confuted.
 And so the *Commencement* grows new.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
 To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
 With like admiration to eat rosted beef,
 Which invention pos'd his beyond Treit belief:

Who should but hear our Organs once sound,
 Could scarce keep his hoof from Sallingers round,
And so the Commencement grows new.

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his satin,
 To look with some judgement at him that speaks latin,
 To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
 To answer O Lord Sir, and talk play books oaths,
 And at the next Bear-baiting, full (of his sack)
 To tell his Comrades our disciplin's slack,
And so the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
 Ay marry Sir, when have we had any yet ?
 Besides no serious Oxford men comes,
 To cry down the use of Jesting and Hums.
 Our ballad, believ't, is no stranger than true,,
Mun Salter is sober, and Jack Martin too.
And so the Commencement grows new.

I. C.

The Hue and Cry after Sir JOHN PRESBYTER.

VV ith Hair in Characters, and Lugs in text ;
 With a splay mouth and a nose circumflext
 With a set Ruff of Musket-bore, that wears
 Like Cartridges, or linnen Bandileers,
 Exhausted of their sulphurious contents,
 In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents ;
 The Negative and covenanting Oath,
 Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth ;
 The Bush upon his chin, (like a carv'd story,
 In a box knot) cut by the Directory ;
 Madams Confession hanging at his ear,

D 3

Wire-

Wise drawn through all the questions, How and where
 Each circumstance, so in the hearing felt,
 That when his ears are cropt, hee'll count them guelt;
 The weeping Caslock scar'd into a jump,
 A signe the Presbiter's worn to a stump :
 The Presbyter, though charm'd against mischance
 With the Divine right of an *Ordinance*.

If you meet any that do thus attire' em,
 Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
 What zealous frenzie did the Senate seize,
 That bare the Rorcher to such rags as these ?
 Episcopacy mine'd, reforming Tweed
 Hath sent us Runts, even of her Churches breed ;
 Lay-interlining Clergy, a device
 That's nick-name to the stuff call'd Lops and Lice.
 The Beast at wrong endbranded you may tracce
 The devills foot-steps in his cloven face.
 A face of severall Parishes and sorts,
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes of Court.
 What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragones,
 Made up of Ears and Ruffs like Ducatons ?
 That Hierarchy of Handicrafts begun ?
 Those new Exchange men of Religion ?
 Sure they're the Antick-beads, which plac't without
 The Church, do gape and disembogue a spout :
 Like them above the Commons House have been
 So long without, now both are gotten in ;
 Then, what imperious in the Bishops sounds,
 The same the scotch Executor rebounds.
 This stating Prelacy, the classick rout,
 That spake it often, e're it spake it out ;
 So by an Abbies skeleton of late,
 I b'ard an echo supererogate
 Through imperfection, and the voyce restore,
 As if she had the hic p'ore and o're,
 Since they our mixt Diocesans combine
 Thus to ride double in their Discipline,
 That Pauls shall to the Consistory call

¶ Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall;
Each at the Ordinance for to assit
With the five thumbs of his great-changing fist.

Down Dagon Synod with th' motley ware,
whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embassie, that wings our fence
To heaven's gate in shape of innocencie.
Pray for the Miser'd Authors and deſie
These Demiasters of Divinity.
For where Sir John with Jack-of-all trades joynes,
His Finger's thicker then the Prelat's Layns.

The Antiplatonick.

For shame, thou everlasting Woer,
Still saying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the wafts;
Vnlesse your flame confesse it's gender,
And your Parley cause surrender
Y'are salamanders of a cold desire,
That live untouched amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a Dame of stone,
The Widow of *Pigmalian*;
As hard and un-relented she,
As the new-crusted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of statue carry,
A Nunne of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For shame you pretty Female Elves,
Cease for to candy up your selves:
No more, you sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart.

Loves votaries inthrall each others soul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Virtue's no more in Woman-kind
But the green sicknesse of the mind.
Phylosophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite,
There's no Sophistry prevails,
Where all-convincing love affails ;
Bar the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamesters are to seek at sharp,

The souldier, that man of Iron,
Whom ribs of Horror all environ ;
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose imbraces you're in chains.
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuirasseer.
Love storms his Lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
For all the Bristled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The breast-works of the firmest sex,
Come let's in affections riot ;
Thare sickly pleasures keep a Dyer.
Give me a lover bold and free,
Nor Enuch't with formality ;
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a sword between,

F V S C A R A,
OR
The BEE Errant.

Natures confectioner, the Bee,
Whose suckets are moist Alchimie,
The still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold ;
Having rifed all the fields
Of what dainties Flora yields,
Ambitious now to take Excise,
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my Fuscara's sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The ayry Free-booter distreins
First on the Violets of her Veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kisse had made it bluer :
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off.
That Pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'net of transpiring Balm ;
So soft, 'tis ayre but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd,
Here while his canting drone-pipe scan'd
The mystick figures of her hand
He typples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortune telling lives.
He bathes in blisse, and finds no odds
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods.
He perches now upon her wrist,
A proper hawk for such a fist,
Making that flesh his bill of fare
Which hungry Canibals wou'd spare.
Where Lillies in a lovely brown

Innoculare Carnation.

He Argent skin with Or so stream'd
 As if the milky way were cream'd.
 From hence he to the wood-bine bends
 That quivers at her fingers ends,
 That runs division on the tree
 Like a thick branched pedigree.
 So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
 It is a pretty maze of flowers,
 It is the rose that bleeds when he
 Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 I' th' fashion of a wedding ring,
 And bids his Comrades of the swarm
 Crawl as a bracelet 'bout her arm.
 Thus when the hovering Publican
 Had luck'd the Toll of all her span,
 Tuning his draughts with drowsie hums,
 As Danes carowse by Kettle-drums.
 It was decreed that posy glean'd,
 The small familiar should be wean'd
 At this the Errants courage quails,
 Yet ayed by his native layls,
 The bold *Columbus* still designs
 To find her undiscovered mines :
 To th' Indies of her arm he flies
 Fraught both with East and Western prize,
 Whish when he had in vain assay'd,
 Arm'd like a dapper Lance-prefade.
 With Spanish pike he brocht a pore,
 And so both made and heal'd the sore :
 For as in Gummy trees there's found
 A salve to issue at the wound.
 Of this her breach the like was true,
 Hence trickled out a balsom too :
 But oh ! what wasp was't that could prove
 Ratilia to my Queen of Love ?
 The King of Bees now's jealous grown

Left her beams should melt his throne :
 And finding that his tribute slacks,
 His Burgesies and State of wax
 Turn'd to an Hospitall, the combs
 Built rank and file like Beads-men rooms,
 And what they bleed but tort and sowre,
 Matcht with my Danas golden showre,
 Live-Hony all, the envious else
 Stung her, cause sweeter then himself.
 Sweetnesse and she are so ally'd,
 The Bee committed Particide.

A N
 E L E G I E
 V P O N
 D^r. CHADERTON,

The first Master ot Emanuel Colledge
 in Cambridge, being above an hundred years
 old when hee dyed.

Occasioned by his long deferred F U N E R A L.

Pardon (dear Saint) that we so late,
 With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate ;
 And with an after-shower of verse,
 And tears, we thus bedew thy herse :
 Till now (alas) we did not weep,
 Because we thought thou didst but sleep :
 Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know,
 Whether thou couldst now dye or no :
 We lookt still, when thou shouldst arise
 And o'pe the casements of thine eys :
 Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
 To walk, we thought must still go on ;
 Thine ears after an hundred year,
 Might now plead custome for to hear ;

Vpon

Upon thy head that reverend snow,
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave,

Wert thou e're young ? for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old,
There's none alive I'm sure can say
They knew thee young, but alwayes gray :
And dost thou now venerable Oak
Decline at deaths unhappy stroak ?
Tell me (dear son) why didst thou dye,
And leave's to write an Elegy ?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old Abram and grave Lot,
Let them write thy Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kond thee well :
When they were boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach,
Awake them then, and let them come,
And score thy vertues on thy tomb,
That we at those may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

M A R I E S SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I presume
SWithout Perfume
My *Christ* to meet
That is all sweet ?

No, I'll make most pleasant posies,
Catch the breath of new blown roses,

P O E M S.

52

Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which laugh in the fairest bowers,
Whose sweetnesse Heaven likes so well,
It stirs each morn to take a smell,

Then I'le fetch from the Phoenix nest
The richest splices, and the best,
Precious ointments I will make,
Holy Mirr and Aloes take ;
Yea costly Spikenard in whose smell
The sweetnesse of all Odours dwell.
I'le get a box to keep it in,
Pure, as his alabaster skin,
And then to him I'le nimblly fly
Before one sickly minute dy :
This box I'le break, and on his head
This precious ointment will I spread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For sweetnesse with his breath compares,
But sure the odour of his skin
Smells sweeter then the spice I bring.

Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet ;
I'le wash them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips shall kisse them dry ;
Or for a towell he shall have
My hair, such flax as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy sacred feet take hold,
And curl themselves about, as though
They were loath for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

L E T.



LETTERS.

SIR,

Though I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant entered your ark, and with him of my moneys, 133-0-8, this precise sum I was willing you should know, supposing your wisdom might own the moneys, though your honesties could hardly allow the act. Which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the receipt, we may happily account it a lone and not a losse, it being in hands responsible for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speake to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall; if you dare not trust him, let him be trussed; If you dare, I shall wish you more such servants, and for that onely reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours.

W. E.

The Answer.

Firstly, beloved is it so, that our brother & fellow labourer in the Gospell is start aside? then this may serve for a use of instruction, not to trust in man, nor in the son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Besides this should teach us to imploy our talents, & not to lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavileers, it had been just then the Israelite had spoild the Egyptian; but for *Simons* to plunder *Levi*, that—that! You see sir what use I make of the doctrine you tell me, & indeed since you change stile so farre as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quite scores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir I expected to hear from you in the phrase of the lost Goat.

and

and the prodigall Son, and in such a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwayes yea, yea, now and then a little Harlotry Rhetorick: you say that your man is entered our Ark, I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single, The text had beeene better satisfied if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entered by couples. But though hee came alone, yet well bin'd it seems a 133.0.8. sure the Hue and Cry had good lungs, it would have beeene out of breath else before it had reach'd the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it pre-cise sum, since it is faine away, I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant; what year of the persecucion of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the shleckells, that's the more sanctified coyn, I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speake of. For that which your man has taken is *nebbeck*, one of our chappells of easie, nor the mother Church our Gar-rilon of *Newark*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacril dge. Whereas you account the losse but a lone, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment as that which you borrowed on the publike Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsey when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me anadvocate, so what say you to an occa-sionall meditation? Reflect but upon your self how you have used our commen master, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man: he hath but transcrib dand copied out the disloyalty his master and his fraternitity had taught him: and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants; and more such sums to be deriv'd to their proper channell, from whence 'tis imaginable that was purloyn'd,

I.C.

SIR

Sir,

Had not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? how easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in an Egg-shel; I dare not trace in holy ground; 'tis not safe nibbling there; you see what doctrine I make of your wit. But yet so far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake like a mighty Colosse (whose every motion doth *Cleave Land like terram-fusdere*) to devour indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsell, and then retail it out as the Jugler doth Inkle by the yard, all in Character, and by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the gift in preaching. Pity it is the provision of so many savory lessons, wholesome instructions, even so many pious collections, as might worthily entitled you to the comfortable substance of a well gleb'd vicaridge, besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit to tell how great such a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy Writ, unknown sanctity, and a conscience so tender, I dare not touch; Pity it is such accomplish'd gifts, and prodigious parts, should be misemploy'd in secular affairs such an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of Newark as your party hath of late done Garrisons, and converted as many souls as Chaucers Friar, with the shoulder-bone of the lost sheep. But you say you expected; I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected a penitentiall language & humble stile, The groat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addresse full of complaints; Sir, we (like your selves) can speak big of our losses, and yet with more ingenuity confess them; though I for modesty will not ask you who stole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that-for that precise sum, I see you are willing to quarrell at preciseness, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed

formed it upon your very —— How you quarrell at your good, had you mistaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arriv'd at your chappel of ease, I would not you should have abated him a fourth part for his forward nesse, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majesties good Garrison of Newark : I should have liked the security well, and when your works had fail'd to save you, expected a return upon the publique faith, the meditation whereof puts me upon this advice, think not prophaneness can compact with mud to cast up a trench of security, attempt not, though a Giant, to reach at stars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side heaven.

The Answer.

The Phylosopher, that never laughed but once, when hee saw an Asse mumbling of thistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoyneder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be reply'd : Repetitions are usuall with the saints at Grantham. I look upon your letter as a spittle sermon, where I perceive your ambition how you would prove your self a cleane beast, because you know how to chew the cud : For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll commons* extasie, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expressions had not run so muddy : for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sense. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an eg-shell, I fear your ovall crown hath scarce capacity to contain : you disclaim being a Coloss, content, I have as diminitive thoughts of you as you please.

I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly three throws for a penny. But you can not cleave-Land like *terram findens*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Graemham*, where the poor writer plays the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jest in, your wit will be the better; And why cannot you cleave the Land? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave its impression; you talk of Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialet; but take heed, the time may come, when unlesse you play *Presto began*, your run-away King may cause you Juglers wise to disgorge your fate, and vomit a rope instead of Inkle. But to echo your compassion, and return you an inventory of your good party; is it not pity the pure extract of sanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in the Pipkin of Predestination, and since well read in the sick mans salve & the crums of comfort, & liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity. Is it not pity such a pious gogle at the Eye such a melodious twang at the nose such a splay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, besides cbeverall lungs which still strecth forth so far as a seventeenthly. Is it not pity these gallant Ingredients of modern devotion, which might justly have qualifyed you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Diocess as that of *Hidberry*, that these ineffable parts that passe all understanding, should then be sequestred from the primitive use, and of a good Lance-presaide in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, such a walking directory, such a zealous *Roger* as this, might have saved more souls than ever *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw bone of an Ass; your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground, and the holy coyn with a squeamish pretension: I am glad to heare you acknowledge there is a holy ground, for then I hope *Hetham*'s barne is not good a congregation as *S. Paul's*: for the holy coyn

you must pardon me if I suspect the chaffity of your fingers, I am sure those of your party have been troubled with follons, witness the Church-revenues, and severall sacrileges that cannot be pared off with your nailis: But there is another reason why I abstain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hope to retrieve your money, but verily, verily, never springs the partridge. You would have had your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the stile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must passe for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of security, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be saved by our works, for all the strength of your Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove mountaines: for your advise not to throw stars at your head I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is Gods-shot to be had for money, my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be always antartick to yours: for the application of Giant I accept it, only I am sorry, that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so oft subscribe my self,

Sir,

your servant

Jo. Cl.

FINIS.



THE CHARACTER

Q F
A London-Diurnall.

A Diurnall is a punis Chronicle, scarce pin-feathered with the wings of time: It is an History in sippes, the English *Hiads* in a nut-shell, the *Apochripball Parliaments* book of *Maccabees* in single sheets. It would tire a *Welsh* pedigree, to reckon how many apes 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of the Extract; only of the younger house, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*: The originall sinner in this kind was *Dutch, Gallobegicus the Protoplast*; and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans en Kelders*. The Countesse of Zealand was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that linage; so she spawns the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster* take them in by the names of *Scoticus, Civicus, Britanicus*. In the Frontispiece of the old *Beldam-Diurnal*, like the *Consents* of the *Chapter*, sits the *House of Commons*, judging the twelve *Tribes of Israel*. You may call them the *Kingdomes* *Antany* before the *weekly Calender*: For such is a *Diurnal*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the *Common wealth*. It is taken for the pulse of the *Body politike*, and the *Emperick Divines* of the *Assembly*, those spirituall *Dra- gooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger *Anshors*. The *Country-Carri- er*, when he buyes it for the *Vicar*, miscalls it the *Urinal*: yet properly enough; for it casts the water of the *State*, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the *Devil* and his *Erechit*; or as a *Blak witch* doth from a *white one*, whose office it is to unravell her *inchan- tments*.

It begins usually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law* *full-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royal-assent* : 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by blowes*, (*Acts* being legitimate) and hath no more Syre then a *Spanish Gennet*, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue only of the *Mother*, without the concourse of *Royall Interpreter*. Yet *Law* it is, if they *vote* it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentalls*; like the old *Saxton*, who swore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* said to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is *plots*, horrible *plots*; which with wonderfull sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their *causes*, before *Marteria prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *Mother* hath troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir *Walter* *Erls* looks like a *Man-Midwife*) not yet delivered of so much as a *cushion*. But *Actors* must have their *Properties*; and since the *Stages* were *voted* down, the only *play-house* is at *Westminster*.

Suable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skippers* and *Taylors*; *Spaniells* both for the *land* and *water*: Good *conscionable Intelligence*! For, however *Pym's Bill* may *inflame* the *reckoning*, the honest *vermine* have not so much for *lying* as the *publike Faub*.

Thus a zealous *Butcher* in *Morefields*, while hee was contriving some *Quispo-cut* of *Church Government*, by the help of his out-lying ears, and the *Oiacouficon* of the *Spirit*, discovered such a *plot* that *Selden* intends to compare *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Goufe* that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betrayor'd for dealing with the *Lions*, to settle the *Commission of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, besides the opportunity of reforming those *Beasts of the Prerogative*, and changing their prophane names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a *Corn-cutter* being to give little *Isaac* a *coff* of his *Office*, should fall to paring his *Brows*, mistaking the one end for the other because he *branches* at both. This would be a *plot*; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this *scale of Votes*.

Resolved upon the Question, that this *act* of the *Corn-cutters* was an *absolute invasion* of the *Cities Charter*, in the *representative fore-head* of *Isaac*.

Resolved that the *evill counsellours* about the *Corn-cutter* are *popishly affected*, and *enemies* to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a *publike Thanksgiving* for the great *deliverance* of *Isaacs-brow-antlers* and a *solemn covenant* drawn up, to *defie* the *Corn-cutter* and all his *work*.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age fight with the *indmils* of their own *heads*; quell *Monsters* of their own *creation*, make *p'ors*, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennell the *Fox* then the *Tarrier*, that is a part of him.

In the third place march the *Adventures*; the *Round heads Legend*, the *Rebells Romance*; stories of a larger size then the *ears* of their *Sect*, able to strangle the *belief* of a *Soli fidian*.

I'll present them in their *order*; and first as a *whiffle* before the *show*, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the *stage* with the *fir*, travers't his *ground* made a *leg*, and *Exit*. The *Country people* took him for one that by *Order* of the *Houses* was to *dance* a *Morice* through the *west* of *England*, Well, he is a *nimble Gentleman*; set him upon *Banks* his *horse* in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great *question*, which part of the *Centaur* shews better *tricks*.

There was a *Vote* passing to translate him, with all his *Equipage*, into *Monumentall Ginger-bread*; but it was crossed by a *Female Committee*, alledging that the *Valour* of his *image* would bite the *their children* by the *tongues*.

This *Cabit* and an *half* of *Commander*, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his *enemies* *fifty miles off*: It is strange

you

you will say, and yet it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his sword, for which the weapon salve was invented, that so wounding and healing like loving *correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *wallers* Knight errantry; and, because every *Mountebank* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hasslerig*, to set off the story, these two, like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worshipped in the same Chapter; they hunt in their Couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the *Psalms*, with another to the fame; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the *Saints-bell*.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hopkin* took the Lease of his body.

First, *Stamford* flew him; then *Waller* out-killed that half a Bar, and yet it is thought the *sullen Corps* would scarce bleed, were both these *Man-slayers* never so near it.

The fame goes of a *Dutch-Headsman*, that he would do his Office with so much ease and dexterity, that the Head after execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not *Probationer* for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slain for him, to us poor Mortals seem untouchr.

Thus the *Artificers* of Death can kill the man; without wounding the body, like *Lightning* that melts the sword, and never singes the *Scabbard*.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conqueror*, This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnals Delight*, he that Cuckolds the *Generall* in his Commission: for, he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his *Excellency* himself is not charged there. Yet in all his triumph

there is a Whip and a Bell : translate but the Scene to Round-way-down : There Hastings Lobsters were turned into Crabs, and crawled backwards ; there poor Sir William ran to his Lady for a use of consolation,

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins at *Hosanna to Cromwell*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Testament : you may learn the Genealogy of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muster Master uses no other List than the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Foreigners, when themselves entertain such an Army of Hebrews ? this *Cromwel* is never so valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association ; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck a'ry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomet's* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of Prey too, by his bloody beak : his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glitters : What we wonder at in the rest of them is naturall to him, to kill without blood-shed : for, most of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glass would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deale with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an Old Monument : then down goes dust and ashes : and the stoutest Caviller is no better. *Ob ave Oliver !* Times Voider, Sub-siger to the worms ; in whom Death, that formerly devour'd our Ancestors, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquesse of Newcastle*, nay and the *Diurnall* gave you his bill of fare : but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge-Teem* of committee men, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) must be read backwards. They rifle Colleges, to promote Learning, and pull downe Churches for edification. But *Sacredge* is intailed upon him

him : There must be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedrals*, as well as *Abbeys* : a secure sinner, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth : For how can he be hanged for *Church robbery*, which gives it selfe the benefit for the *Clergy*.

But for all *Cromwells* Nose wears the *Dominicall Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *vigil* to an *Holy-day*. This, this is the man of *God* ; so sanctified a *Thunderbolt*, that *Borroughs* in a proportionable blasphemey to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile him the *Archangel*, giving battell to the *Devill*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*; each of them make a severall *species*, so every one of his *souldiers* is a distinct *Church*. Had these beasts been to enter into the *ark*, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it was so many *Sects* twisted into an *Association*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the sign of a *coward* to *wink*, and *fight*; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance,

But I wonder whence their Generalls purity proceeds; It is not by traduction : if he was begotten a *Saint*, it was by equivocall generation ; for the *Devill* in the father, is turn'd *Monk* in the son : so his godlineſſe is or theſame parentage with good *Laws*, both extracted out of bad manners, and would he alter the *Scripture*, as he hath attempted the *Creed*, he might vary the *Text*, and ſay to corruption, *Thou art my Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the *Kingdomes* eyes, by clouding our *Mother University*; and (if this *Scotch* miſt further prevail) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrell to both, because both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optick nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty*, *Barbarous Rebell* ! who will be revenged upon all *Learning*, because his *Treason* is beyond the *mercy of the Book*.

The *Diurnall* as yet hath not talkt much of his *Victories*; but there is the more behind : For the *Knight* must

must alwayes beat the Giant : that's resolved. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at *Maw* ; it is but putting to *Sea*, and taking a *Danish Fleet*, or brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Brereton* and *Gell* ; two of *Mars* his pretty-toes ; such sniveling Cowards, that it is a faveur to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the *Beast*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon : O he's a terrible slaughter-man at a *Thanksgiving Dinner* : had he been *Canibal*, to have eaten thos that he vanquisht, his Gut would have made him valliant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State-Sophies* distinguish) in his Politick capacity : regenerated ab extra, by the zeale of the House he sat in ; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an *Oven*.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cause ; a new Branch of the old *Oak of Reformation*.

And now I speake of Reformation, ~~wherever~~ *Fox*, the *Tinker*, the liveliest Embleme of it that may be : For, what did this *Parliament* ever goe about to reform, but *Tinker-wise*, in mending one hole, they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Teters and Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus : The victories of the *Rebells* are like the *Magical* Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had slain all three of his *Enemies*, found them at last but a *Triumvirate* of *Bladders*. Such, and so empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnal* ; but so many impotthumated Fancies, so many *Bladders* of their own blowing.

The Character of a
Countray COMMITTEEMAN,
 with the Ear-mark of a
SEQVESTRATOR.

A committee-man by his name should be one that is possessed, there is number enough in his name to make an Epitite for Legion; he is persona in concreto (to borrow the solecism of a modern Statesman) you may translate it by the Red Bull phrase, and speake as properly. enter seven Devils solus: It is a well trusst'd title that contains both the number and the Beast. For a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude; he must be spalled with figures, like Anti-christ wrapped in a pair royal of Sixes: Thus the name is as monstrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the same lineage with accumulative treason: For his office, is the Ilap-tarchy, or Englands Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the woder exceeds the Bill of fare, the Pope and he rings the changes; here is a plurality of crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there is harmony in discord, the triple-headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of a Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out-bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant: There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Cross there is the number of twenty. This is the Giant with the hundred hands that weild the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead Roll by which the Kingdom prayes backward, and with a kind of Rebus, at every curse drops a Committee-man. Let CHARLES be wayued, whose conducting clemency

money aggravates the defection, and make Nero the question, better a Nero then a Committee. There's losse execution by a single bullet then by case-shot.

Now a Committee-man is a parti-coloured Officer, he must be drawn like Janus with Crosse and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his Dalton up in Buff, and will needs be of the Quorum to the best Commanders, he is one of Mars his Lay-Elders, he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (as such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a Pigeon may converse with Vulturs. Me thinks a Committee hanging about a Governor, and Bandiliers dangling about a sur'd Alderman, have an Anagram resemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maine-enance and a Helmet: who ever knew an Enemy ransack'd by a Grand-Iura and a Billa vera? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perches; but the more preposterous, the more in fashion: the right hand figh's while the left hand rules the reins: the Truth is the Souldier, and the Gentlemen are like Don Quixot and Sancho Pancha, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governors Matross to sit his truckle, and to we-v-string him with sinews of war for his chief use, to raise Assessments in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Countrey people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give downe her milke unlesse she see her Calfe before her: Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; so the poor Souldiers live like Trochilus, by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.

So much for this warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that is rather a wizard then a face. Mars in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of Arms is like his Coat, partie per pale, Soldier and Gentleman much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look, like that of Vespasianus, as if he were breeding over a close-stool. Take him thus, and he is the Inquisition of the purse; an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a caning Ordinance; not a murthered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor. He is the spleen of the Body Politick, that swells it selfe to the Consumption of the whole: At first indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Gope, he sets up for himselfe, he lives upon the sine of the people, & that's a good standing dish too, he verifies the Axiom, *Lidem nutritur ex quibus componitur, his diet is suitable to his constitution* I have wondered often why the plundered Country-men should repair to him for succour, certainly it is under the same notion as one whose pockets are pickt goes to Mol Cut purse as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutch-man, gets a nokle of him that was never worth six pence, for the poorest escape not, but Dutch-like, he will be dreyning even in the dryest ground; he alienes a Delinquent's estate with as little remorse as his other bolineesse gives away an Hereticks Kingdom, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of Infalibility. Lic is the Grand Sallad of arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber & High-commission; for those courts are not extinct, they survive in him like Dollars changed into single moneys. To speake the truth, he is the universal Tribunal: For since those times all causes fall to his Cognizance, as in a great infallion all diseases oft turn to the Plague. It concerns our Masters the Parliament to look about them, if he proceed at this rate, the lack may come to swallow the Pike, as the Interest of

removes out the principal. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very punctual in making your hat, and to say right, it is his due; but by the same title, as the upper garment is the vails of the Emisioner. There was a time when such cartell would hardly been taken upon suspition for men in office, unlesse the old Proverb were renewed, that *beggars make a free Company, & those their Wardens*. You may see what it is to hang together, look upon them severally, and you cannot but sumble for some thirds of charity; But ob they are *Tar-magans in Conjunction*! like Fidlers, who are rogues when they go single; and joyned in consort, gentlemen Musitioners, I care not much if I unenlist my Committee-man, & so give him the receipt of this grand *Catholican*. Take a *State Martyr*, one that for his good behaviour hath payd the *Excise* of his ears, so suffered captivity by the *Land-piracy* of *Ship-money*, next a *Primitive Frechster*, one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman transgressing the *Magna Charta* of delving Adam, Add to these a mortified *Bankrupt*, that helps out his false weights with some scruple of Conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his Prince with a Mene tekel. These with a new *blue-stocking'd Injustice* lately made of a good basket hilted *Yeoman*, with a short handed *Clerk* tacked to the *Rear* of him to carry the *Snapsack* of his understanding, together with two or three *Equivocal Sirs*, whose Religion like their Gentility is the extract of their Acres, being therefore spiritual, because they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whose corruption gives the *Hogan* to the sincere *Junto*. These are the simples of this precious Compound, a kind of *Dutch booch posch*, the *Hogan Mogan Committee-man*,

A Committee-man hath a *Side-man*, or rather a fitter height, a *Sequestrator*; of whom you may say, as of the great *Sullians horse*, where he treads, the grasse grows no more. He is the *States Cormorant*, one that fishes for the *Publike*, but feeds himself; the miser is, he fishes without the

the Cormorants property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A Sequestrator! He is the devil's Nut-hook, the sign with him is always in the clutches. There is more Monsters retain to him, then to all the limbs in Anatomie. It is strange Physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Fever, he draws far beyond Pidgeons. I hope some Mountebank will slice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Grift. Never till now could I verify the Poets description, that the ravenous harpy had a humane visage. Death it self cannot quit scores with him; Like the Demoniac in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcism to dispossess him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the Fiend your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of Witchfinders, so sagely instituted with all their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my impost Committee-man, his face (for I know you would faine see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the washers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the sponge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before, Or else he merris his passing peale in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-founded Garrison; For the Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mislakes his commons and bites off her head; what ever 'tis, it is within his desert: For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, sucking the first, big with the second, and clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his mischiefe's superfection, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruines the father, beggers the son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

F I N I S.